



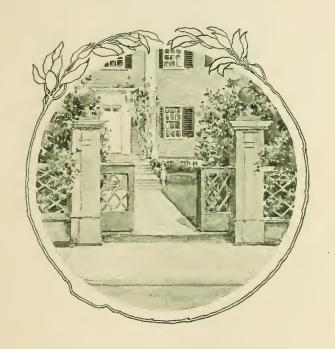




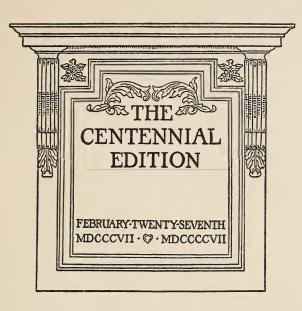
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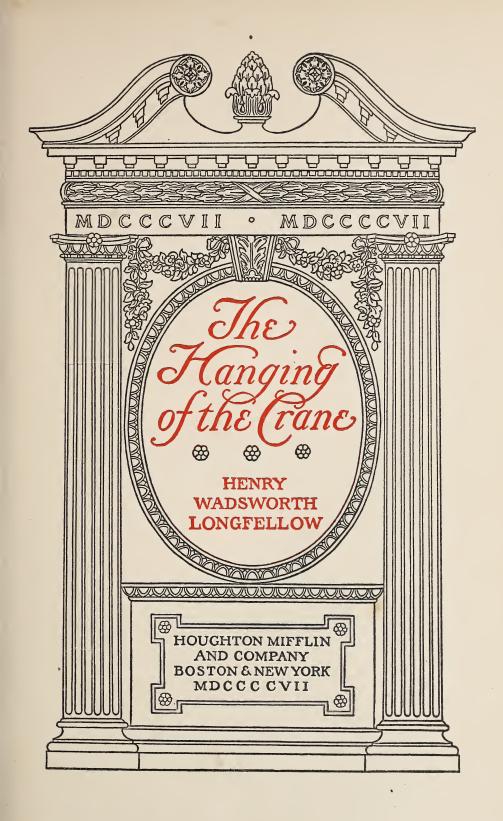
THE HANGING OF THE CRANE



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

HE centennial of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Long fellow has been deemed a proper occasion for presenting a new illustrated edition of "The Hanging of the Crane." An interesting account of the origin of this poem is given by Mr. T. B. Aldrich. He says: "One morning in the spring of 1867, Mr. Long fellow came to the little home in Pinckney Street [Boston], where we had set up housekeeping in the light of our honeymoon. As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Long fellow turning to me said, 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small, round table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it; as years go on, leaf after leaf will be added, until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to



build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic story of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months afterward, I received a note from Mr. Long fellow in which he expressed a desire to use this motif in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one peculiarly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew 'The Hanging of the Crane.'"

The illustrations in this volume have the historical Craigie House in Cambridge for their background,—the house where the poem was written, where all the poet's children were born, and where most of the scenes touched upon in the poem were enacted in his own family life. The artist visited the house and made his drawings from the very room in which Long fellow hung his own crane in 1843. The box-bordered garden was planned by Mr. and Mrs. Long fel-



low; the porch was the one from which departed the first of their children to become a bride; and the beautiful staircase makes a fit setting for the golden wedding picture. All the text decorations are Colonial, the motif of many being taken from Craigie House.

4 Park Street, Boston, February, 1907.







GATEWAY TO CRAIGIE HOUSE

Half title

LOVE HANGS THE CRANE

Half title to Part I

THE POET'S REVERIE

Part I

THE TWO ALONE

Half title to Part II

THE ROYAL GUEST

Half title to Part III

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY

Part III

THE BROTHER AND SISTER

Half title to Part IV

YOUTHS AND MAIDENS

Half title to Part V



THE FAMILY

Part V

THE BROOK

Half title to Part VI

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

Part VI

THE TWO ALONE AGAIN

Half title to Part VII

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

Part VII

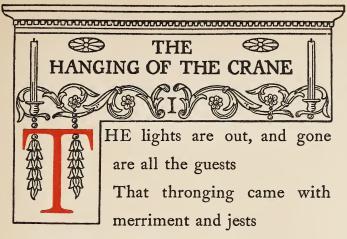
The silhouette on the cover of this volume is a reproduction of Longfellow's class picture.



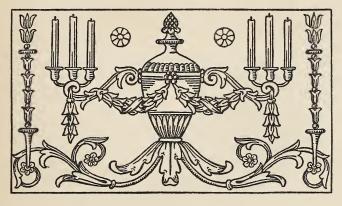








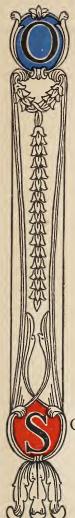
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house, — into the night are gone;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.





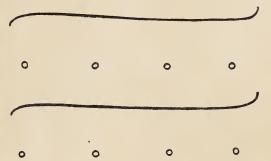






FORTUNATE, O happy day,
When a new household finds its
place

Among the myriad homes of earth, Like a new star just sprung to birth, And rolled on its harmonious way Into the boundless realms of space!

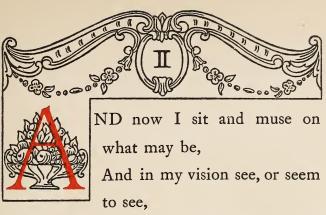


O said the guests in speech and song, As in the chimney, burning bright, We hung the iron crane to-night, And merry was the feast and long.



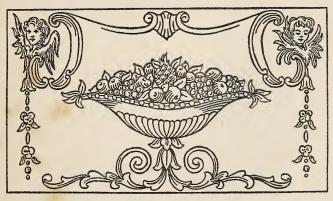






Through floating vapors interfused with light,

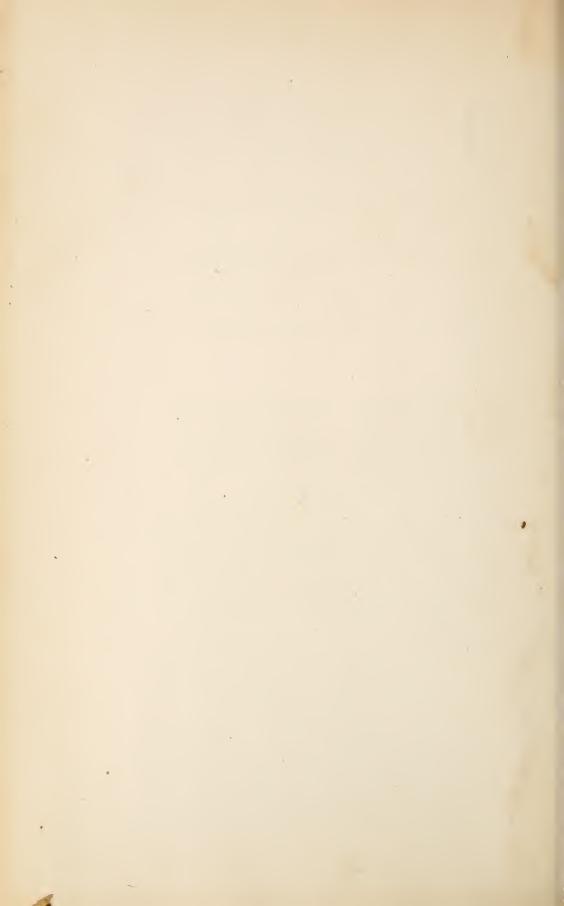
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade, As shadows passing into deeper shade Sink and elude the sight.





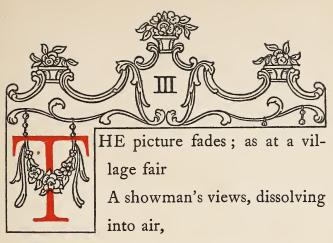
OR two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

HEY want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs
must be
Each other's own best company.

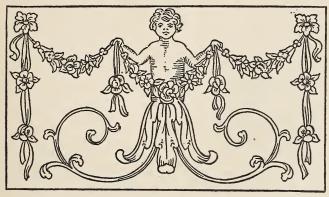








Again appear transfigured on the screen,
So in my fancy this; and now once more,
In part transfigured, through the open door
Appears the selfsame scene.







EATED, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon,
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

RE these celestial manners? these

The ways that win, the arts that please?

Ah yes; consider well the guest,

And whatsoe'er he does seems best;

He ruleth by the right divine

Of helplessness, so lately born

In purple chambers of the morn,

As sovereign over thee and thine.









He speaketh not; and yet there lies A conversation in his eyes; The golden silence of the Greek, The gravest wisdom of the wise, Not spoken in language, but in looks More legible than printed books, As if he could but would not speak. And now, O monarch absolute, Thy power is put to proof; for, lo! Resistless, fathomless, and slow, The nurse comes rustling like the sea, And pushes back thy chair and thee, And so good night to King Canute.











HERE are two guests at table now; The king, deposed and older grown, No longer occupies the throne, — The crown is on his sister's brow; A Princess from the Fairy Isles, The very pattern girl of girls, All covered and embowered in curls, Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers, And sailing with soft, silken sails From far-off Dreamland into ours. Above their bowls with rims of blue Four azure eyes of deeper hue Are looking, dreamy with delight; Limpid as planets that emerge Above the ocean's rounded verge, Soft-shining through the summer night.





Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.



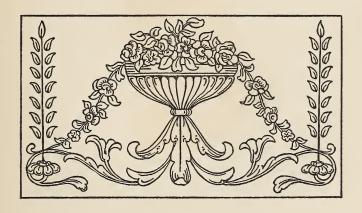








And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite;
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.











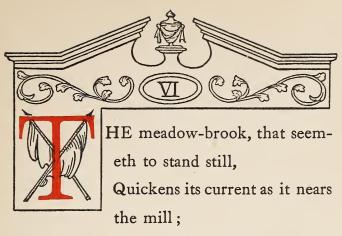
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!











And so the stream of Time that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.











I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, where thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.









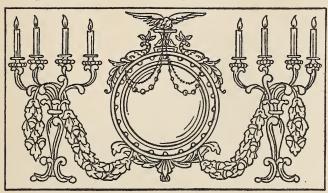


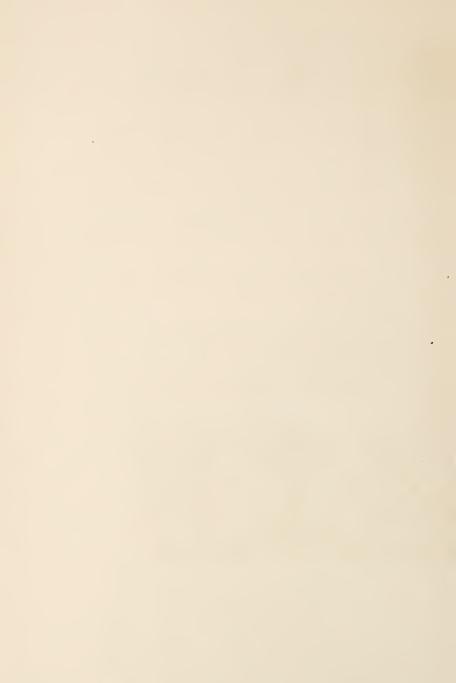
FTER a day of cloud and wind and rain Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,

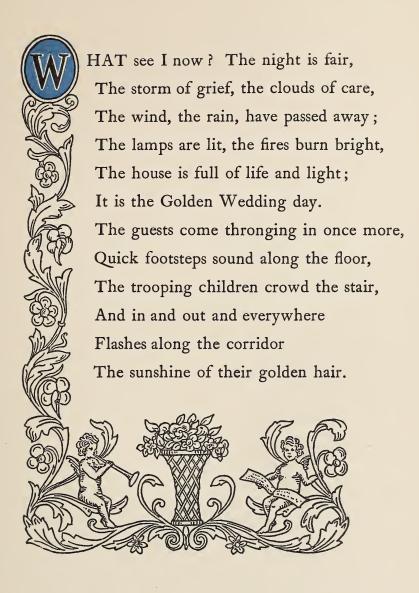
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,

Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,

Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring Drops down into the night.

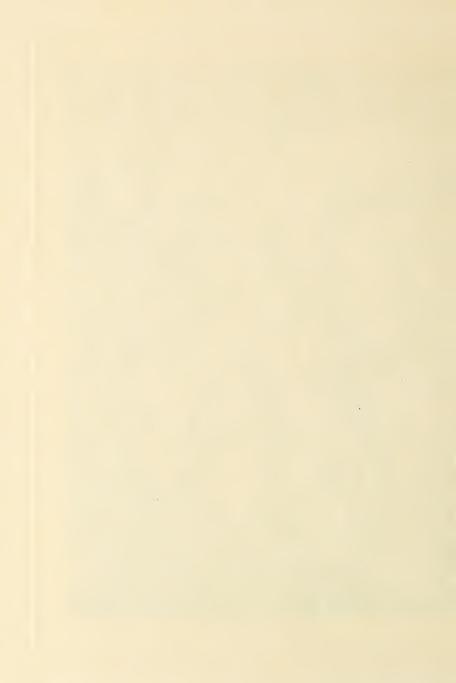










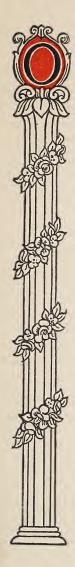




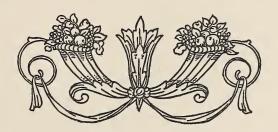
On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.







FORTUNATE, O happy day! The people sing, the people say. The ancient bridegroom and the bride, Smiling contented and serene Upon the blithe, bewildering scene, Behold, well pleased, on every side Their forms and features multiplied, As the reflection of a light Between two burnished mirrors gleams, Or lamps upon a bridge at night Stretch on and on before the sight, Till the long vista endless seems.





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